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baked," while *Seto mono*, instead of being "Seto ware," means "Seto thing." You inquire of the dealer, *Doko yaki?* meaning, "Where baked?" In regard to the various Imari kilns it may be interesting to know that the factory of Ohokawachi is no longer in existence; at least, the quarry from which the clay was obtained became exhausted thirty years ago, and no ware of that description has since been made. Lucky is he who possesses genuine pieces of this beautiful ware.

In regard to the perplexing question as to the date of the yellow decorated Satsuma, the statement that in 1630 the yellow faience was first made and decorated is certainly an error. The most patient inquiries among Japanese antiquaries failed to elicit an age of over seventy or eighty years for floral decorated Satsuma faience. Indeed, the names of the Koreans who first discovered the white clay, and those who came to Kioto to learn the art of floral decoration, are known. Nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces out of a thousand regarded unquestionably as old Satsuma are new, two or three years old at the most, and made in Kioto, Tokio, and a number of other places. In Tokio we have seen the new Satsuma converted into old Satsuma. Our people have been enormously humbugged by dealers. One collection in possession of a lady in New York State interested me greatly. She fancied that her Satsuma was hundreds of years old; for this stuff she had paid an itinerant dealer a small fortune. The vases had stamps upon them, and this alone would have indicated their recent origin. Curious to know their nature, I copied a number of the stamps and sent them to Japan for identification. I received, a few months after, the information, that, with the exception of Makudsu of Kioto, the makers had no merit in the eye of the Japanese collector. The Satsuma was not only new, as one could readily see, but was made by potters having no repute whatever. A similar revelation lies in store for much of the Satsuma considered as old in England.

Lately we had the misery of examining a collection of bowls, decorated with raised fishes and the like. The owner had bought them for old Satsuma of a reputable dealer in Europe, and had paid large prices. The bowls were Awata ware, and a few of them bore the stamp of Kin-kozan! Some of the bowls were good and of fair age, but had been utterly ruined by the decorations and stains which had been put upon them. The collector would be safe in making it a rule never to buy a piece of Satsuma because it is represented as being old. Old Satsuma has a clear, rich lustre. It is never dingy or stained, or uneven in the color of its glaze. Satsuma is never stamped, and old Satsuma, so far as we know, is always in small pieces, such as teacups, teapots, small bowls, and incense boxes. Finally, *old Satsuma is inimitable*.

In the volume before us the collector will find of great interest the marks and stamps with which it closes.

We commend the work as presenting in a manner never before attempted the most remarkable and exquisite pictures of the more beautiful kinds of Japanese pottery. If at the same time the reader will study the South Kensington Museum Art Handbook entitled *Japanese Pottery, being a Native Report, edited by A. W. Franks*, he will for the first time understand the true character of Japanese pottery, such as the Japanese particularly collect, study, and admire.

EDWARD S. MORSE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LA HOLLANDE À VOL D'OISEAU. Par HENRY HAVARD. Eaux-Fortes et Fusains par MAXIME LALANNE. Paris: G. Decaux et A. Quantin. 1881. [New York: J. W. Bouton.] 400 pp. Small 4to.



It is somewhat surprising that Holland, whose cities abound in treasures of art, and whose landscape possesses infinite beauties, — a country so intimately associated with the early history of our own, the pioneer, too, of the principles of free government that we cherish, — should be so little known and so rarely frequented by Americans. It has long been a favorite sketching-ground for German and French painters; its traditions wooed Washington Irving and its history absorbed Motley; but it has been visited, if at all, more *en passant* than as an ultimate goal, like Switzerland or Italy, by the tourist.

The reader of M. Havard's delightful book will regret past opportunities he has slighted, and long for new ones to repair the loss, or will enjoy, if even vicariously, the tour which its descriptions, assisted by the illustrations of M. Lalanne, will enable him to make in his easy-chair.

There is a charming freshness and *naïveté* of style, almost obsolete in literature, in the way the author makes his bow to the reader. What *bonhomie* in his confession of "a dream at once ambitious and simple," — that he may have for his companions only delicate and polite spirits, choice intellects of distinction, enemies of *grands éclats* and violent contrasts that please the vulgar! To this especial public — *un peu restreint*, he is aware — he dedicates his work, and to such he will not address himself in vain. Conscious of an undertaking for which he has well qualified himself, he takes a sort of epicurean interest in making it attractive with every charm of a style graceful and eloquent, yet entirely free from exaggeration or sentimentality. He is learned without pedantry and an observer without prejudice, even when some locality or circumstance arouses his patriotism, and reminiscences of the events of ten years ago.

Since Victor Hugo's *Rhine* I have not read a more sympathetic volume, or one more vividly descriptive of existing objects and yet at the same time so suggestive of those souvenirs of history and romance which supply the place of accidents by flood and field, and of personal adventure; and which, appealing not less to his heart than to his imagination, make the rivers and ruins, the cities and the monuments, of the Old World so dear to the traveller from the New.

The impersonality of the author, the objectivity of his method, are as admirable as they are rare. He is the most unobtrusive as well as the most refined of guides, nowhere dwelling on commonplace details or egotistical experiences; even his reflections, critical or poetical, arise so naturally that they seem to be the reader's own thoughts — in their best expression.

The book excites in an old traveller a restless longing, as the reveille bugle stirs the blood of an old charger. It opens out, at the same time, fields full of novel attraction, which lie — in these days of rapid and sumptuous steamers — across the way, convenient almost of access to the summer tourist as our own watering-places, while new and fresh to those familiar only with the main highways of Europe as if they were located in some remote land of sun or of snow.

It does not make any pretension to be a *vade mecum* for an art student. The author has a cultivated taste, is well versed in archæology, in architecture, and in painting, and possesses a quick and appreciative regard for the beauties of natural scenery; but he contents himself with descriptions which awaken rather than satisfy interest, and always leave the reader with an appetite for more.

It is still further removed from being a vulgar hand-book. There is not one single allusion to an hotel, and scarcely one to routes and means of conveyance, to be found in its pages. With each chapter the curtain rises, as it were, upon a new scene, on which we gaze as on a panorama, or which we examine as a picture in detail. Proceeding by gradations, and not by contrasts, we visit every place of interest from the Meuse to the Ems, between the Rhine and the Schelde. We saunter through sunny market-places and shaded streets, through parks and palaces, minsters and museums; we listen to old legends, and study the monuments and customs and usages of a people puissant in arts and arms in the past, honest, hospitable, and industrious to-day; and when at last we take regretful leave of our guide, it is with a sense almost of actual experience of the scenes and cities he has described.

The work is printed and bound with elegance, approaching *de luxe*, and the illustrations are clever, both the coal drawings reproduced by the heliogravure process, and the phototypic etchings which are distributed through the pages. They are all "views," and for that reason, may be, exhibit less picturesqueness and play of imagination than the treatment of the same motives in the text.

One misses, too, some of the specially landscape features of the Netherlands which it is strange so gifted an artist should have overlooked; — the straight canals with willow-tufted banks and lazy *trekschuiten*; the dikes surmounted with their long perspective of windmills; the polders and rich verdured meadows dotted with cattle; the fisher luggers drawn up on the strand at Scheveningen, that Andreas Achenbach has made so familiar; the desolate sand-dunes and the wild surf of the North Sea rolling shorewards, as Israels and Mesdag have painted them. Without these one can hardly be said to have seen Holland with a bird's eye; but enough else has been admirably rendered, to show one how poetic and beautiful the country — one of our nearest relatives — is, and to lead many a future traveller to see more of it than the half-dozen towns one takes in *en route* up or down the Rhine.

JOHN R. TAIT.

LOUIS LEROY. LES PENSIONNAIRES DU LOUVRE. Des-sins de PAUL RENOARD. Paris: Librairie de L'Art. 1880. [New York: J. W. Bouton.] 97 pp. 4to.



ART, the distinguished contemporary of the REVIEW, by no means confines itself exclusively to the domain of pure æsthetics. Like other — even the most serious — of its literary *confrères*, it condescends occasionally to gayety, mindful of the Horatian *dulce est desipere in loco*, and enlivens its pages with the inevitable *feuilleton*. The *Pensionnaires du Louvre*, reprinted from one of its recent volumes, is a charming brochure, which gives with all the fresh vigor of a sketch from nature a curious insight into a strange and interesting world, or, rather, a limbo between the world and the half-world, whose inhabitants, fair or grotesque, pass their daily

lives in the limits of centuries, redreaming the dreams of the past, and waking to walk forth into the present.

The author is French *au bout des ongles* and his book is bright as the Boulevards, and full of pleasant Parisian perfumes, — of *violets de Parme*, mingled with odors of the cuisine, and not altogether free of *Ylang Ylang* and sensuous suggestions of *poudre-de-riz*.

It is a description, told for the most part in sparkling dialogue, of the "female class" of art-workers in the Louvre, the pretty girls, the spinsters and widows of certain or uncertain age, so many of us have seen, perched on lofty ladders, or seated behind easels, at work on copies of the old masters in the stately galleries.

The reader is introduced *sans façon* into the locality, where the guardian at the door slumbers on his tabouret with his cocked hat resting on his nose, and forthwith commences the tour of the palace. He follows the author, to whom accident has given as cicerone an amusing *farceur* of an Impressionist full of *scies d'atelier* and the *argot* of his school, from one fair artist to another. Each of these is drawn as if she had sat unconsciously for the portrait. The types vary, but a Bohemian thread connects them all, and binds them in a sisterhood at once amiable and bizarre.

The characters are piquant and picturesque, and fully indicated in the fewest touches possible, with humor, but without caricature, and not without touches of pathos here and there. The genuine artist; the poor lady who has seen better days, striving to win her bread by exercising what was once a mere "accomplishment"; the frivolous coquette posing for a possible conquest; the homely, half-unsexed veteran whose life has been passed within these walls; even a young *Américaine*, — Miss Colorado, — light and graceful as a bird, entirely capable of taking care of herself, and "absorbed in the reproduction of a bottle after Chardin," — are passed in review, daintily described, and tenderly mocked or admired as the case may be. Charming silhouettes of celebrities — Louise Abbéma and Sarah Bernhardt — are presented; and even the minor characters of the episodes, — the Prince Saltikoff, the *Chef de la Maison d'Imagerie Religieuse*, Madame Giffard (*l'Ensevelisseuse du Louvre*), and the draper's family from the provinces, — all are sketched with equal truth and sense of humor.

Were this all, bright and *spirituelle* as the little comedy is, it would have been a solecism in the pages where it first appeared. It is more than this, however, — more, indeed, than it pretends to be. Interwoven in its airy persiflage are profound observation, thoughtful suggestion, and subtle criticism, not the less acute because expressed in a paradox and pointed by an epigram.

The author's impartiality is apparent in the fact that, while there is an undercurrent of good-natured satire at the expense of the Impressionists, much of the choicest wisdom and justest criticism is put in the mouth of M. Jean Potet, the artist cicerone, who is an apostle of the new school — *tacheur par excellence* — himself.

The imaginary conversations between the shades of the old masters and their fair pupils are not only delicious, but instructive as well, under their mask of raillery. Watteau is drawn by a pencil as dainty as his own, and the dialogue down to his *Adieu friponne!* before he remounts to *l'academie celeste* is redolent of the taste and *esprit* of the Regency.